

best fireman of us all." And Cap, who had never for one moment ceased his "Bow-wow-wow!" wagged his tail and said, dog fashion, "I did the best I could, but I am not a fireman, I am only Cap, the fire dog." —Edna Everett, in Kindergarten Review.

### THE ORANGE SECRET.

It was told by Maritza, a little Greek girl in far-away Turkey, and I am going to tell it here and now to every one, because I never have found an American child who had discovered it.

I was finishing my breakfast one morning when I heard a little sound at my elbow. It was Maritza, who had slipped off her shoes at the outer door, and come so softly through the open hall that I had not heard her.

After I had taken the parcel of sewing her mother had sent, I gave Maritza two oranges which were left in a dish on the table. One of them was big and the other was quite small.

"One orange is for you," I said, "and the other you may carry to Louka. Which one will you give her?"

Maritza waited a long while before answering. At any time she would have thought it rude for a little child to answer promptly or in a voice loud enough to be easily heard; but this time she waited longer than good manners required. She looked one orange over and over and then the other.

After a little more urging from me, she whispered: "This one." It was the big one.

Curious to know of the struggle which had made her so long in deciding, I said: "But why don't you give Louka the small orange? He is a small boy."

Maritza dug her stockened toes into the carpet and twisted her apron hem before she answered.

"Is not Anna waiting for me at the gate?" she said. "Anna and I will eat my orange together. Mine has twelve pieces and the other eleven. Anna would not like to take six pieces if I had only five."

"You can not see through the orange skin, Maritza, to tell how many pieces there are. How is it you know?" I asked.

Then Maritza told me the orange secret, and this is it:

If you look at the stem-end of an orange you will see the scar where it pulled away from the stem is like a little wheel, with spokes going out from the center. If you count the spaces between these spokes you will find that there are just as many of them as there will be sections in the orange when you open it; and so you can tell as Maritza did how many "pieces" your orange has.

Perhaps you think every orange has the same number, just as the apple has five cells which hold its seeds; but you will find that it is not so. Why not? Well, I don't know. But, perhaps away back in the history of the orange, when it is a flower, or perhaps when it is only a bud, something may happen which hurts some of the cells or makes some of them out-grow some of the rest. Then the number of cells is mixed; and, no matter how big and plump and juicy the orange becomes, it has no more sections than it had when it was a little green button, just beginning to be an orange.

The next time you eat an orange, try to find out its secret before you open it.—Little Folks.



## Our Wee Little Ones



### "ON TIME FOR EIGHT YEARS."

Dear Presbyterian:

I am a little girl, eleven years old. I go to Sunday school and church every Sunday. I have a gold pin for going to Sunday school on time for eight years. I like to read the stories in your paper very much. Hope to see my letter in print for I want to surprise father.

Your unknown friend,  
Jackson, Miss. **Martha Gwin Hutton.**

### HOME FROM THE SEA SHORE.

Dear Presbyterian: I am a little girl, nine years old. I go to the Presbyterian church and Sunday school. I want to surprise my mamma and papa. I am just home from Atlantic City and had a good time going in the ocean. I have two kittens, one is my sister's, and a pig and dog. This is my first letter. I hope to see it in print.

Your friend,

**Sarah Hortence Huyett.**  
Charleston, W. Va.

### TWELVE YEARS OLD.

Dear Presbyterian: I am a little girl, twelve years old. I love to go to Sunday school. Miss Flora M. Smith is my teacher. I have a little sister, one year old and two brothers. I hope this letter will be published.

From your friend,

Duke, N. C. **Pearl Bryant.**

### THE LAND OF NOD.

**Mary Katherine Rhoads.**

Over the hills and far away  
Are voices of children at their play,  
There is a garden, little ones say,  
Where music floats that comes with the  
May!

There is the beautiful Land of Nod,  
Where many children's feet have trod;  
There they dance, and sing, and play,  
Like little fairies—oh, so gay!

### MY SERVANTS.

I have ten little servants I'll tell you  
about,

And see if you can find them out:  
Two of my servants my hard work do,  
And they have ten servants to wait on  
them, too.

Two of my servants are very bright,  
And are always ready, day and night,  
To keep me posted on what's going on  
around,

Except when they're closed in slumber  
profound.

Two of them tell me what others say,  
Two of them run around and play;  
The ninth one warns me when danger is  
near!

She's always talking and fussing all day:  
Now, who are my servants; can you guess  
them, say?

### "DIT."

Dear Presbyterian: I am a little girl, eleven years old. I live in Seneca, but am visiting my uncle in the country. I read the little letters in your paper. Uncle has a black cat named Dit; he will ask the blessing, when you give him bread to eat, by standing up on his hind legs and putting up his fore paws. A little girl sent me some post cards from Spain.

Your friend,

**May Stribling.**

Seneca, S. C.

### A PONY.

Dear Presbyterian: I am a little girl, only eleven years old. This is my first letter to your dear paper. I go to the Presbyterian Sunday school every Sunday. My father is the superintendent. My teacher is Miss Sue Nail Murray. There are five in our class so our number is five. We have a little pony and buggy that we ride in every Sunday to Sunday school. Brother Hugh rides horse-back. The pony is named Julia. I have a sister, who goes to school at Converse College in South Carolina, and a brother who goes to French Camp. Hope my little letter will not reach the waste basket.

Your little southern friend,

**Beulah Irene Johnson.**  
McComb, Miss.